

applying these God-given principles now at our hands we ought to demolish the forts of iniquity on every hill top and in every valley.

DESIRE OF THE UNSAVED

C. H. WETHERBE

It has been many times shown that unsaved people, who did not seem to desire that Christians should speak to them of their need of salvation, actually did so desire. And such a desire has been felt in many instances, when the unsaved one appeared to be quite averse to being spoken to on the subject. The fact is, many Christians who would be glad to talk freely with an unconverted person of his need of Christ, are repelled from it by the outer appearance of that person. And yet it is true that many unconverted people long to have a true Christian speak to them about their salvation. Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman tells the following incident in the *Union Gospel News*: "I have possibly the saddest testimony of any one. I roomed with a man in college for almost two years. I was a student for the ministry and knew that he was not a Christian, and I never warned him once. At the close of my college course he said to me, 'Why have you never asked me to be a Christian?' And when I told him that I thought he did not care he told me that that was the reason why he had chosen the room with me, that there had not been a day or a night that he was not willing to talk. And then, try as hard as I would to lead him to Christ, I failed. Another classmate won him, and a little later, going to his home in the south, he was a victim of the yellow-fever. He is saved to-day, but will never shine as a star in the crown of my rejoicing."

It seems to be as hard for a sinner to speak to a Christian about his need of Christ as it is for the Christian to begin the talk with the sinner. Both persons are afflicted with a peculiar kind of bashfulness, a delicacy which is not felt in relation to almost any other subject. Why is it that the most of Christians find it exceedingly difficult to speak to the unsaved about their soul's highest interests? Is it not owing to a false modesty? Perhaps sin and Satan have much to do with the matter.

Home Circle

A Dying Girl's Investment

A little girl lay sick, nigh unto death. Beside the bed her father was watching and weeping. "How much do I cost you, papa, every year?" asked the dying child. Again and again she asked the question, until the father named a certain sum. "Why do you ask this?" he said. "Because," said the dear child, "I thought maybe you would lay that amount out this year in Bibles for poor children to remember me by." With heart swelling with deepest feeling the father kissed the cold brow and replied, "I will, my child," and then, after a pause, added, "I will do it every year, that you may draw others after you to heaven."

A Woman's Prayer

O Lord, who knowest every need of mine,
Help me to bear each cross, and not repine;
Grant me fresh courage every day;
Help me to do my work alway
Without complaint.

O Lord, Thou knowest well how dark the way,
Guide Thou my footsteps, lest they stray.
Give me fresh faith for every hour,
Lest I should ever doubt Thy power,
And make complaint.

Give me a heart, O Lord, strong to endure:
Help me to keep it simple, pure;
Make me unselfish, helpful, true
In every act, whate'er I do,
And keep content.

Help me to do my woman's share;
Make me courageous, strong to bear
Sunshine or shadow in my life;
Sustain me in the daily strife
To keep content.

—Sel.

Little Life Lessons

The lessons of life seem so hard and unkind when we are young and when we expect happiness as our rightful due. Happiness seems so natural to us! It must be eventually the normal condition. But we have to attain to it by what we do down here. Misery is such a wretched surprise for the young! They resent it, and yet, in a way, expect it to last forever. When a young girl is unhappy she cannot imagine herself ever feeling otherwise than sad—perhaps even bitter.

But when we have learned our lesson, at fifty, let us say, there is a serenity of patience that spares us many a pang, a mild acquiescence in the "slings and arrows" of misfortune that are not bad compensations for the "wild freshness of morning." The heart has time, then, to keep young and to sing its robin song of cheerfulness in winter days.

Have You Written Home?

Mark Guy Pearse writes something for the boys and girls who are away from home, either at school or in business, that if thought over and acted upon may save many a heart-ache among the mothers and fathers who are left at home, maybe to struggle with difficulties that these young folks will not understand until they are older. The writer says:

When I was leaving for Australia, every day for weeks before I sailed, there came to me letters from all parts of the country, entreating me to inquire of sons and daughters who had gone away, and of whom nothing had been heard for months, sometimes for years. What pictures I saw in those letters! The little cottage, where grow the roses about the porch; and every day as the postman passes there comes the mother to the door; the roses have faded from her cheek, and the light has gone from her eyes. She hears the words so often spoken, "Nothing for you today, ma'am." I see her creeping back to her kitchen, and setting her arm against the old blackened mantelpiece, she rests her head. The firelight glistens in the tears, and her heart swells with pain. Lads and maidens, vow to God that you will never hurt the mother so. "Say that wherever you go," said one to me one day. "I remember

how I used to be out at the plough with my father, and many a time have seen him walk along the furrow quite quiet, with his lip bitten, and the tear has crept down his cheek. I knew that he was thinking of his boy who had gone away and he had not heard from him for many a month." The half of true religion lies in this sacred and tender love to father and mother.

David's Good-Bye

New York Observer.

Two gray-haired men were walking along the street, one of them carrying a bouquet of beautiful and fragrant flowers.

"Wait a minute," said the latter as he stopped before a small cottage and rang the bell. A little girl opened the door. She smiled as she took the flowers. "I know who they're for," she said; "they're for gran'ma."

"Yes," assented the giver, "with my love."

"Well, I do declare!" observed his friend, as they passed on. "You surprise me; I had no idea you went around leaving flowers and your love with old ladies."

"Just with one old lady," laughing. "You see, it is this way: When I was a boy this dear old lady's son and I were chums. We were going away to school. I was an orphan. With a heavy heart I left the house where I had been boarding. No one cared that I was going away, no one would miss me."

"I stopped for Dan—that was my chum's name—on my way to the station. As I entered the yard he and his mother were saying good-bye. The hot tears rushed to my eyes as I saw Dan's mother kiss him."

"Good bye, my boy; God bless you!" I heard her say.

"No one had kissed me. No one had asked God to bless me. Well, God was not blessing me, I said to myself, and then my tears vanished. I felt defiant and set my lips hard. Then Dan's mother looked up. She must have read my feelings in my ugly face."

"Good-bye, Davie," she said, holding out her hands to me. I knew my face looked stern and hard. I pretended not to see the outstretched hands, and I wouldn't look into her face. I was turning away without a word of farewell, when she called, O so sweetly, I can hear her now, even after all these years—"Davie, my dear boy, aren't you going to say good-bye to Dannie's mother? Aren't you, Davie?" I turned and took her hands; the loving compassion in her voice had won me from myself and despair. I held close to her while she kissed me. Then, gently loosening my grasp of her hands, she threw her arms about me.

"Good-bye, Davie, she said; 'I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you!'"

The gentleman's lips quivered.

"The world grew bright to me then and there," he continued. "I had something to live for, and I did my best in school and in college. Over and over that tender good-bye of Dan's mother rang in my soul. 'Good-bye, Davie; I love you, too, my boy, and